CROSSING THE LINE.

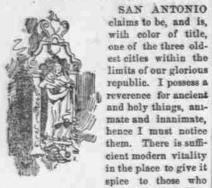
A Day Spent in Seeing the Sights in Unique Old San Antonio.

PLENTY OF MILITARY TITLES.

A Little Experience With Mexico Custom House Officials.

FEATURES OF OUR SISTER REPUBLIC

(WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)



and holy things, antmate and inanimate, them. There is sufficient modern vitality in the place to give it spice to those who have a weakness for mixed drinks. You can, being of this generation, be at home in it and away from home. You may adhere to its business streets and live in the

present, or you may wander off a few blocks and revel in the environments of two centuries ago, or, again, among some of its modern homes of mixed architecture you recognize the domicile of your nearest neighbor, Jones or Smith, if you happen to live in town or in the suburbs. There is nothing like style, and style has no limits either in bonnets or houses, and as it changes withthe moon it is not surprising

that the minds of the builders as well as the on-lookers are tortured. Think of moving once a month to be in the fashion and thus keep peace in the family. And as forhomes —well, San Antonio has them, ancient, perhaps modern.

HOMES OF ALL KINDS.

But they are surrounded with flower beds and broad galleries, overshadowed by mighty trees that compel a plainsman to take off his hat in reverence; they are not over one story high, as a rule, these homes, and one experiences a nestled down feeling, a protection from bustle and money-getting, as one looks on them; there is a sacredness about them that the monthly changes in peaks and gables, and the taste for being in the fashion cannot aspire to. One of these exploits, not in San Antonio, without any cornice and mostly of shingles, and occupied by an estimable gentleman of wealth, always remind me of a man who has been

I have thought sometimes that the designers have been attempting to imitate something and have met with failure, the most lamentable of all failures. And again, looking up and wondering at the irrecon-cilable angles of some one of these modern achievements, I have gone on wondering



whether it could have any possible connec-tion with the birth of the baby, or with that other mystery of unspeakable sorrow, when the elaborate door is thrown open to let out the sweet little ray of sunlight that will never come back again. THIS GENERATION AND THE PAST.

San Antonio has her Generals, her Colonels and Majors-nothing beneath in titles worth mentioning-gentlemen who stalk about heavily with canes, their old-fash-ioned necks manacled in old-fashioned stocks; they bow stiffly, and make one think that they were born grown up; men who, in ordinary moments, say "Yes, sir," with em phasis, and in moments not ordinary, "Yes, sir, by Gad, sir." They live in the memory of the good old days, and one feels glad to have been born later. But it is a pleasure to meet them, they loom over one and impress us with the dignity of the old school and the importance of a small part of the

human race when civilized. And then, too, she has her brisk man of business in a Derby hat and cutaway coat. Think of a Quaker in a Derby, and a stiff shirt collar with a brilliant necktic and a dismond pin!

Then there is the Mexican in one scale but whom we shall no doubt find further on in several scales, considered from a social standpoint. Here he is screne and moves slowly if ancient ruts, out of which he may be neither coaxed nor dragged. His ambi tion seems limited to acquiring a daily liv-ing peddling pecan candy, temallas and chele con carne. He looks pleadingly out of his great dark eyes and greets you with a conciliatory smile—a remnant, perhaps, is that look of the hospitality that character-ized at least one side of the house of his ancestors not quite four centuries ago.

THE SOUTHERN MAN OF COLOR.

And then there is the colored brother with the dearly bought prize that was pre-sented to him and which, unfortunately, he seems unable to manage, and we seem as weak as he in the solution of the problem. There is something of the old deference lingering about the aged ones that has nothing of servility in it. It seems to me as cordial under the present gray hairs, as under the white ones of nearly a half a century ago. It may be the dignity of inborn politeness, only, but that is always beautiful. It cannot possibly detract from one's self respect or lower one's standing to yield one-half of the narrow sidewalk to another passing by. But the gallant young fellow in a red necktie and cane does not so consider it. He treads the earth as though it were created for his especial behoof and he has no hesitation in erowding the white stranger into the mud; it is done with an air of lordly indifference that ceases to be annoying because it is Iu-

The ancient negro seems to consider his rights assured, the young one that he is only on the threshold of their attainment, and hence, in his mind, every white man is eager to dispute his claim. He seems to cultivate a life of definace and aggressive tany of the tact that made the any of his father smoother than ind his. What he considers

may never reach, while suossible to him outside of the parlor. It may perhaps be och him, in the course of time. hindrance to his rise is himseems imbued with the same Adam that tinctures the rest of avs someone else rather than is to blame for all errors. I - vet failed to observe that when a man made himself needed, the place was

ready for him. life, as well as its misery and the droll inci-dents, are made up of contrasts. I doff my black felt to Miss Blanche and Mr. Abraham Lincoln Carroll, whom I encounter in an early morning stroll. I take off my hat

my civility in that direction is greeted with lessly subject to the imperious will's of un-impudence.

STREET SCENEINS SAN ANTONIO. Mo ving on, along a street paralleled by a dead wall and an ancient, lattice-windowed building on one side and some of the modern building on one side and some of the modern marvel s on the other, I am more forcibly reminded than ever of the incongruity of the prevail ing craze. It is a good deal like attempting to patch an old garment with new cloth. Still the fragrance of the flower, the songs of the birds and the grand trees dampen one's disposition to cavil and force one to cheerfulness. The strangers I meet salute me cordially and that has a neighborly, non-metropolitan influence which induces a home feeling. Finally, I encounter a General taking his constitutional, or perhaps, on the way to that indugence, from other than a New England standpoint. The effect at tending his numerous social The effect sttending his numerous social duties of the night previous still lingers about him and attests their rigid performance. Our acquaintance is slight, but sufficient to comm and recognition on this occa-Had I visited the West End? I had. San

Pedro. Yes. The Alamo and the other missions? Certainly. I would not miss the missions in any circumstances. The military

post? No, not yet.
"Great Gad, sir! The most attractive feature of our city? You must not omit it,

I admitted, while I deprecated the possible necessity of solcliers, and my indifference to military posts as a rule. My explanation was lacking in tact; the General glowered and the pain ful effect of his stock, as he bade me a ponderous good morning, dilated his neck, reddered and expanded his cheeks and I realized the loss of an invitation to join him in his constitutional, while

BORDER OF THE TWO REPUBLICS In the afternoon we are on the road again speeding toward the border the two republies. The country presents the same appearance of prairie, with patches of chapparal and groves of live oak. The houses of upright boards disappear and wickiups take their places. A line of fence along the edge of a belt of timber discloses



The Old Alamo Mission a gate, and a not frequently traveled road winding picturesquely through the woods suggests visions of a home beyond or in the midst of the shade. We catch only a glimpse of the road and the gate as we rush by, but sufficient to learn that the gate sags in con-sequence of a broken hinge, and the elliptic rut in the ground proves that the accident is not recent.

At dusk we were halted for supper, but I had no appetite. It was rumored we should have a good supper. Twenty minutes later I was ready to be qualified touching the truth of the report. The tablecloth was a wonder in whiteness; so were the napkins. The glass shone even under a kerosene glow. There were bountiful bouquets of tresh flowers, and drawing my fingers across my white plate it left no trail behind. There were bountiful bouquets Dark aunties in bright calico gowns and gay kerchiefs on their heads waited on us. There were biscuits no larger round than a silver dollar that melted in the mouth; dainty salads of, to me, novel but exquisite zest, coffee that rivaled the color of newly minted gold and of a fragrance I had deemed unattainable, eggpone and—fried chicken—tender fried chicken, that would came back rich, and this friend urged the conservous palate of old the conservous palate of old the conservous palate of the conservous pala Lucullus after a square meal in the Apol-linarian Hall; the jellies and cakes were

Do not cavil that I thought of the preacher and the threadbare joke; but it could have been no such fried chicken that gave birth to that chestnut; a taste of it would make the preacher wish to spend the remainder of his life here and, when he deceased, unlike the gallant "Little Phil" (peace to his ashes), to live in Texas, or within hail of that paragon in the kitchen. But think of 20 minutes to devote to such a marvel !

AN EYE TO BUSINESS, Coming out, the deacon said he had a mind to stop over till the next train. "Is it the egg-pone, deacon, or the chick-

"Neither," and my susceptible friend desisted picking his teeth to wipe his lips, and walked with me in silence to the train. After half an hour he said to me: "Do you know that ham commands 75 cents a pound in Mexico and lard in pro-



===: A Mexican Caballero. hogs over there-there is no duty on them.'

"Some enterprising American has already

engaged in that business."
"No! you don't say!" His tone was one of disappointment and he relapsed into silence. Finally: "Did you notice those two pretty blackeyed girls in the hall, where we had sup-

"Yes; one has a squint." "That's a — see here, old fellow, that's a slander," and the descon in dudgeon left me alone with my eigar, and to wonder where this inclination of his toward black

eyes might lead him, perhaps myself, being his friend. SO WAGS THE WORLD.

Presently there came two of our fellow passengers for a smoke and the discussion of investments. They were away from home seeking rest, but they might as well have remained in Boston or New York and suffered with dollars and nephritis. They hammered at general finances and the pros-pects of Texas investments until I was constrained to ascertain by manual investiga-tion whether or not the few dollars in my possession were melted. I found my pit-tance safe. But the whole country was on the high road to the devil, and in New York, where I had supposed every man a financier, I learned of more "fools" to the acre than I thought the entire Union could

tolerate and yet hope to exist.

In fact, the country had been ruined and reorganized a dozen times in the last four hours, and the conviction has been forced upon me that we have but a sprinkling of great men left. We have had a war with Germany on account of Samos, Bismarck was at one time court marshalled, ordered to be shot or hanged but by the interprecities of carly morning stroll. I take off my hat with a purpose when I learn the young lady's name—there is barely a shade difference in the color—one is a dead black and the other shines. Miss Blanche is 3 years old, perhaps, the bearer of a zorneob doll and of little clse, the west of a zorneob doll are not being cool. Young Mr. Carroll a rollicking grin and the ways of the gamin, and

A LITTLE EXPERIENCE.

This was to be a new experience with me, odious to the average free thinking American, accustomed to having his own way. I expected to be jailed over night and executed at sunrise ceremoniously, but with celerity, because of an unbroken package of smoking tobacco in my possession. National pride hindered my throwing the peril out of the window, and while I silently debated the matter, at one time feeling regret at the window, and wanted stiently decated the matter, at one time feeling regret at leaving my gun at home, the gold-hued por-ter of the Pullman Company announced: "Ladies and gentlemen will now have their baggage revised at the Custom House,

In passing I inquired of this descendant of several races, touching the first proof, and verily he grinned, having passed a brief apprenticeship in a printing office.

I presented my open grip of collars and cuffs and the fateful tobacco box to an affable

culls and the fateful tobacco box to an allable gentleman two shades darker than the porter. He smiled when he encountered the box, and said something to a bystander which I failed to comprehead, but supposed it to be an order for my immediate arrest, delivered in Spanish. The bystander relieved my anxiety by assuring me that the officer considered my luxury "the staff of life." The sidered my luxury "the staff of life." The brother republican motioned me to close the grip and he then plastered a white paper upon it with a cabalistic and incomprehensi-ble legend supporting the talismanic device, "Revisado," in large letters. I shall pre-serve it as long as the grip holds together as a reminder of the Mexican's urbanity and the porter's pedantry. But I have lost faith in the general accumental in the general acumen and knowledge of customs possessed by the average New York tourist. L. B. FRANCE.

THE REVENGE OF THE APES.

How They Put to Death the Man Who Wanted to be Their King.

Adele M. Fielde, in Harper's Young People. 7 A thriftless man who had a scolding wife resorted to the woods to hang himself; but after he h. Hed the noose his courage failed, and he went home. His wife, on seeing him, said he had been gone so long that she had begun to hope he would never come back. This so wounded his feelings that he declared his intention of ending his life, and again betook himself to the forest, There he passed from tree to tree and de-ferred the act from hour to hour, till he entered the act from hour to hour, till he entered a strange gorge and sat down in the attitude of a musing Buddha under a branch on which he decided to fix his rope. Being exhausted by fasting and fatigue, he tell into a deep sleep, and was presently discovered by a wandering ape, who reported to his tribe that he had found their

ancestor. A council of the elders was then called around the sleeping man, and after called around the sleeping man, and after due inspection they unanimously decided that he was indeed their ancestor, and should be their king. So they carried him to their stronghold in a wooded glen, enthroned him in an arbor, and surrounded him with offerings of fruits and nuts. When he awoke he found his wants so provided for and his servants so deferential that he

thought he might greatly enjoy life among the apes. They continued to bring as tribute to him the best of their gleanings in the neighborhood and all the treasures they collected in their excursions to distant regions. He saw where they had stowed the valuable articles accumulated during past years, and at his leisure he examined and assorted them.

One day, when the apes were away he took at I their portable wealth and made his way out of the forest and back to his own door. His wife, seeing him more shabby than ever, poured reprosches upon him, but he silenced her by put-ting a piece of gold in her hand. Hav-ing enough to live comfortably upon for many years, the woman became companionturn importuned his lucky neighbor to disclose to him the method by which he got his fortune. Having promised secrecy and a share of the plunder, secrecy and a share of the plunder, he was intrusted with the story of election to headship among the spes, and was given direction how to reach their retreat. He then set off, followed the same route, sat in the same attitude under the same tree, and awaited the arrival of the scout who should call the tribe to earry their returned chief

into their fastnesses.

The apes had meantime deliberated, and had concluded that a being who had deserted them, taking with him their goods, was neither their sire nor sovereign. So when a young ape foraging for provisions saw this second man under the tree he returned home and notified the tribe, where-upon the apes, moved to indignation and anger, surrounded him in force and tore him to pieces.

THE BEST YEARS OF LIFE.

But Only a Woman Can Properly Mold Their Happiness, From All the Year Around.1

From 21 to 25 might be the best years of life, but upon one condition only that seems possible. The condition is, that the man be in bonds of noble servitude of admiration to a noble woman. There will be much of disquiet attendant upon such a service; but it will be the restlessness of sure and certain growth, and growth in the highest direction. Ah! but the woman must be of exalt-ed mold-little short, indeed, of a div inity.

Otherwise, it were diabolical.

The Greeks had more than an inkling of this method, although, as a rule, they could not rear such high-souled women as it is the privilege of modern Europe to excel in.
With them the philosophers played the
part of the woman. Often they played it
detestably, but not always. The rare exceptions were those unsexed men who had attained to the state of pure contemplative spirits, to whom the world is but the shadow f a world. They made Greece. Similarly, the woman of our age who,

from the most unselfish motives, devotes herself to others-whether to individuals or classes, or entire nations—has in her to make the man in his early manhood. This is well known, but it is worth iteration. If only we could keep colleges of tried women for the finishing of the education of our boys! I warrant the result would be aston-

His Only Rope.

New York Sun. 1 Henry (married six months)-I fear my wife's love is growing cold. She used to come to the office two or three times a day, but she never comes now. What shall I do? Frank-Have you a typewriter? "No, but I can get one cheap."

"Do so. Then get a pretty girl to operate it, and your office will be full of your wife." A Summer Arrangement.

Omaha World. J Jones-So you and Katie have fallen out. Can't you make up with her? Brown-Not till the ice-cream season is past. I've no money to waste on that lux-ury, so I turn my cold shoulder toward her during the summer. It is the best I can



BURNING A MARQUIS

The Progress of the Cremation Movement in Great Britain. FOUR POUNDS OF WHITE ASHES

ONE ENTHUSIAST IS NEARLY LYNCHED

All That is Left of the Lover of a Princess

of the Blood.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. LONDON, May 22 .- About 15 years ago London society was greatly interested in a report, apparently well founded, that a hus-band was to be found for the Queen's youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice, in the ranks of the British aristocracy, instead of scouring Europe for an eligible young

German prince. There was no inherent improbability about the story, because the Princess Louise, an elder sister of Beatrice, had already wedded the Marquis of Lorne, who had not even the recommendation of being rich. Society, therefore, set itself to work to fix the identity of the lucky young man. Rumor finally settled upon the Marquis of Eiv. and for once rumor was right. The Marquis was young, rich and handsome, and a favorite at court, where his

mother, the dowager marchioness of Ely, was the chief lady of honor, and one of Her Majesty's few pursonal friends.

Things were going smoothly when it was suddenly announced that Princess Beatrice had no intention of marrying the Marquis of Ely or anyone else, as she preferred to remain her royal mother's companion. The Marquis was seen no more at court. In De-Marquis was seen no more at court. In De-cember, 1875, he contracted a union, des-tined to be fruitless, with Lady Caroline Anne Caithness, and thenceforward lived chiefly abroad.

HIS MORTAL REMAINS.

Shortly after 5 o'clock on the afternoon of April 13, 1889, Mr. Lethbridge, a grave elderly gentleman, entered a first-class carriage at Woking station on the London and Southwestern Railroad, carrying in his hand a beautifully polished brass-mounted oaken casket, which he carefully placed on the sent beside him. The casket bore a brass plate upon which was engraved the follow-

John Henry Wellington
Graham Loftus,
4th Marquis of Ely,
Born 20th Nov. 1849,
Died at Nice, 3d April,
Cremated at Woking,
18th April, 1889.

Within the casket was an urn 15 inches high by six inches broad at the base. The urn contained about four pounds of snow white ashes, similar in appearance to a sample of the best brand of Minnespolis flour, and two or three small pieces of beau-tiful, silver-like frosted bone.

The white ashes and the frosted bor were the mortal remains of the Right Hon-orable and Most Noble John, fourth Marquis of Ely, the rich, handsome young noble who 15 years previously had been within an ace of becoming the husband of a princess of the royal house of England.

The casket at the present moment occupies a corner in Mr. Lethbridge's study, pending a decision as to which of the four castles belonging to the house of Ely shall finally receive it.

The Marquis was staying at Nice for the benefit of his usually delicate health, when he was prostrated by a terribly painful internal complaint. He bore his sufferings with fortitude, and when informed that he could not live he we to with his own hand directions for the cremation of his body, ordering at the same time that there should be no funeral procession or display.

London society was grieved in a placid way to hear of the sudden death of the amiable nobleman, but that grief was soon turned to indignation when his unorthodox testamentary instructions became known.
But the Marquis' relatives and personal
friends in London loyally resolved to carry
out his last wishes, and a special agent was
sent to the continent to arrange for the cremation at Gotha, where the best crematory in Europe is situated. It was found, however, that the formalities of crossing the French and German frontier with the corpse and recrossing with the ashes would be so numerous and vex-nations that it was decided at the last moment to bring the re-mains to England. But before cremation could be carried out many formalities had to be observed. Two certificates had to be obtained and sent in to the cremation society, the first signed by the physicians who attended the Marquis in his last illness, and the second of a separate and independent medical expert who examined the body after death, inquired into the circumstances connected with the demise and certified that there were no reasons for supposing that ex-humation of the body would be thereafter

was made to the cremation society to undertake the cremation.

The body was brought by the agent to England in an ordinary coffin and placed in an ante-room at the Woking Crematorium, and on April 13 the final rites were carried out in the presence of one or two friends and the usual officials. It had been arranged to hold a funeral service in the little chapel near the crematorium. The chapel was unfinished, but it had been consecrated and no difficulty was anticipated. The bishop of the diocese, however, per-emptorily refused to allow the service of the church to be read before exemation, although for some reason equally inexplicable he did not object to according religious rites to the ashes afterward. But the majority of the mourners were in a hurry

to get back to town, and finding the doors of the chapel unlocked, they entered. RELIGIOUS RITES. Among the mourning relatives was a clergyman, and forthwith he produced a prayer book and read the service for the dend. Then all save two or three faithful friends returned to London and the coffin was removed in solemn silence to the crematorium. The body was placed upon an iron plate, just within the open iron doors of the crematorium, the doors were closed and the remains were slowly drawn within the heated chamber. There was no perceptible heat at first, but within a quarter of an hour the furnace had attained a heat of 1,2000 Fahr-enheit, and it was impossible to stand within six feet of the doors, although the actual furnace was as many feet within. There was absolutely no odor, and no smoke could

be seen issuing from the crematorium.

Within an hour and a half the attendant announced that the body had been com-pletely consumed. An hour later the fur-nace had cooled down, the doors were opened and the iron plate again brought into view. The iron, it was afterward discovered, had broken in several places with the intense heat to which it had been subjected. All that the fire had left of the fourth Marquis of Ely were the few small pieces of bone and a rift of white ashes which covered the iron plate like snow. The attendant, with a pair of tongs, picked out the bones, which, with the ashes carefully swept from the plate, were placed in an urn.

The crematorium at Woking was at first

built upon strictly utilitarian lines. But in course of time it was found that people were repelled by the plain brick furnace block and factory-like chimney.

A COMPLETE OUTFIT. Not even a hearse was provided for the conveyance of the bodies from the railroad depot to the crematorium, and down to with-in a few weeks ago the coffins were huddled in a tew weeks ago the coffins were huddled uncerementously, into a light spring van. It was resolved, in consequence of numerous complaints, to introduce a little more sentiment into the arrangements. Last November the crection of a hall, waiting rooms and a chapel was commended, and these have now been completed, with the exception of the chapel. The system in use at Woking is known on the Continent as the Computation Legislana and was invented by Cremstorio Lodigiano and was invented by Prof. Gorini.

The body is introduced into the crematory chamber and when the door which separates

the fuel combination chamber from the crematory chamber, has been drawn back, the flames from the furnace play over the body, which is placed with the head to the flames, and these and the products of both combustions descend the flue, and then ascend by side flues to the chimney. Not an atom of organic matter is allowed to escape into the atmosphere.

When the cremation society had finished the Woking crematory they were disgusted to find that they were unable to use it. Bishops and lawyers denounced it as irreligious and illegal, and for nearly ten years the big furnace remained cold save for occasional experimental cremations of the lower sional experimental cremations of the lower animals. But in 1884 the question of legal-ity was settled in an unexpected and sensa-tional manner. Dr. William Price, an 'eccentric old gentleman living near Cardiff, in Wales, claimed to be a descendant of the Druids, and when his five-months old child died he decided to dispose of its remains in what he considered the orthodox Druidical fashion by cremating it.

ALMOST A LYNCHING. Dr. Price could not afford to send the litby. Frice could not allore to send the lit-tie corpse several hundred miles to Woking, even had he been sure that the society would receive it. He therefore fixed up a rude crematorium of his own on the top of a lovely Welsh hill, and one fine Sunday afternoon commenced operations. His cre-matorium consisted chiefly of a pile of wood and a ten-gallon cask of perceivery were and a ten-gallon cask of petroleum upon which the little body was placed. After some preliminary Druidical incantations the old man himself applied the torch and soon there was a blaze which attracted all the

there was a blaze which attracted all the people of the valley.

The simple folks, having no sympathy with cremation or modern Druids, saw only a poor little oaby's body being scandalously treated. Forthwith they heaped earth on the flames, rescued the half consumed corpse and proceeded earnestly to lynch the inhuman parent. The opportune arrival of the rural police saved the life of Dr. Price, but he was put in prison and charged with misdemeanor in having attempted to burn the child's body. At the trial at Cardiff in February, 1884, however, Mr. Justice Stephen ruled that the cremation of a body, if effected without eausing a nuisance, was if effected without eausing a nuisance, was perfectly legal, and Dr. Price was acquit-

perfectly legal, and Dr. Price was acquitted. Since then the cremation system has slowly but steadily grown in public favor. The Marquis of Ely was the first nobleman to be cremated, but among the distinguished persons who have given orders that their corpses shall be so treated are the Duke of Bedford, Lord Bramwell, Sir Hanzy Thompsen and Sir Secretary. Henry Thompson and Sir Spencer Wells. It is believed by shrewd observers of public sentiment in England that the system of disposing of the dead by cremation is of disposing or care at last well under way.

BLAKELY HALL.

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

CHRISTIANITY forbids no conceivable good notive, and permits no conceivable bad motive Sunday School Times. THE American Baptist Missionary Union cel

brated its seventy-fifth anniversary in Boston ebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary in Boston last week, Francis Wayland presiding. It represents a constituency of 700,000 members.

THE British Bible Society, of which the Earl of Harrowby is President, reports an expenditure for 1886 of £226,164, and receipts of £212,615, against £225,663 for 1887. The distribution of Bibles also fell 500,000, from 4,000,000 to 3,500,000. They were in 287 languages.

BISHOP PARET confirmed recently at St.

BISHOP PARET confirmed recently, at St. John's Chapel, Washington, a class which was unique. It consisted of nine colored candidates, and the sister-in-law of Postmaster General Wanamaker; the daughter of the late Justice Matthews, of the Supreme Court; the daughter of Secretary of State James G. Blaine, and Justice Gray, of the United States Supreme

A GENTLEMAN in New England has given \$100,000, and Japanese gentlemen have sub-scribed about \$70,000, to found a Christian uniyersity in Japan, according to a plan proposed by the Rev. Joseph Neesima, of the American Board. The collegiate institution which Mr. Neesima has been building up for several years, contains more than 940 students.— Church of To-Day.

congregations. At present it numbers 4 200 pastors and 7,400 congregations, and upward of 1,000,000 communicant members, among whom the gospel is preached in eight different languages. The Lutheran Church has 33 theological seminaries, 25 colleges, 37 academies and other high schools, 32 orphans' homes, 3 hospitals, 3 deaconesses institutions, 1 deaf and dumb asylum, and 4 emigrant homes. It publishes 36 periodicals.—Christian Advocate. TRIBET is the only known country on earth

THIBET is the only known country on earth not open to missions. It has an area of 750,000 square miles, about as large as the United States east of the Mississippi river. The greatest length from east to west is 1,500 miles, and the population is estimated at 8,000,000. It is the stronghold of Euddhism. Lhassa, the capital, is the "Rome" of the Buddhists, and the Dalai Lama is the Buddhist pope. He is suppose in both temporal and spiritual things. One monastery has about 5,000 Buddhist priests, and there are about 60,000 in the country. Thibet is virgin soil for missions. The country is tributary to China.—Hustrated Christian Weekty. Weekly.

In the felicitations following the completion of the first hundred years of our national life altogether too little attention has been paid to our religious progress as a nation, which ha This done, formal application | been, in many respects, even more marked than our material progress. It is too well known to be repeated that our professedly Christian be repeated that our professedly Christian population has far more than kept pace with the total population. This is the layman's age, and every preacher's voice is supplemented by a hundred pairs of brethren's hands. This is the century which has seen the development of the prayer meeting, the Christian association, the missionary society, the Sunday school, and the Christian endeavor society. As the Christian thinks of these things he may well thank God, and take courage in looking forward to a new century of religious progress. If he is not an optimist he certainly ought to be.—The Golden Rule.

right to exist and its authority from Christ. He came to establish a visible kingdom on the earth, and the Church is that visible kingdom. earth, and the Church is that visible kingdom. Its historical unity is, in our judgment, neither liturgical, clerical, nor theological; it is vital—a unity of spiritual life. But the unity is real. The Church is not a mere group of disjointed corporations, differing from other chartered corporations only in having a higher, or at least a more mystical, cause to serve; nor a mere society in which philanthropic and devout motives are intermixed in varying proportions, and which fulfills its whole duty to man if it takes care of its own geographically limited constituency; and, above all, it is not a mere social club, which is to be measured, like the theater, by its power to draw, and differs from theater, by its power to draw, and differs fro the theater chiefly in its inability to attra and entertain an audience as effectively. It a real incarnation of Christ; a body in which He lives.—Christian Union.

But Probably Loss.

Namby-I just lent \$10 to Pamby; I wish you would make an item of it, Mr. Book-Bookkeeper-Shall I debit it to cash?

"I guess you don't know Pamby very well. Put it in the profit and loss account." Frightened Away. Burlington Free Press.] Real Estate Agent-I can let you a very

retty cottage on Piano street for only-House Seeker-What did you say the name of the street was? Real Estate Agent—Plano street. House Seeker—Thanks; I believe I will ook a little further.

It Has Reached the Cannibal Isles.



Chief (to missionary)-Are you lookin' for your brudder? He's in de soup!-Life. A CUBAN GIRL'S HOME.

The Unchangeable Social Law Which Compels a Young Lady

TO LEAD THE LIFE OF A RECLUSE.

The American an Enigma That the Spaniard is Unable to Selve.

LILLIAN SPENCER ON HAVANA HOTELS

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

HAVANA, May 15. -The laws of a nation are not more stringent than the laws which govern and hold in abfeet submission the social status of the Cuban code. Society here has for its basis the rigorous conformity which has characterized it since the discovery of the island. It is as it was in the beginning, s and ever will be in the time to come. One can form no idea of Cuban home life by

An American in Cuba, living in a hotel. The reason for this is obvious. The hotels are, without exception, execrable. And they are execrable without an ex-

cuse for being so, unless it is that the conservatism of the country is both inherent



Senor Hernandez's Home.

and hereditary. Questioning the proprietor, we learn that no objection is ever offered to the established rate of charges, which is exorbitant in the extreme. We are told that the average American, while he grumbles at the surroundings and is at no pains to conceal his contemptuous opinion of much that passes on around him, rarely makes any outery about the items in his bill, though they are strung in a line to the very bottom of the long page. Five dollars is about the price charged a single person for a singl room, in which is neither hair mattress window glass or carpet. This being the does so notwithstanding, having no doubt Neesima has been building up for several years, contains more than 900 students.—

Church of To Day.

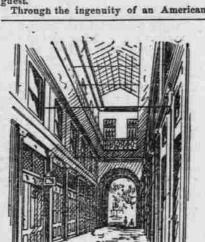
LESS than 50 years ago the Lutheran Church of our country numbered 200 pastors and 900 that you may send out your missionaries just when the action of the physical body and convert him to your heart's content, but he will still worship his hideous deity in the Joss house, as he will go on eating with

his chopsticks forever. THE CHANGELESS CUBAN. Born a heathen he will live a heathen and die a heathen, in spite of all the churches this side of Christendom. So it is with the Cuban. Custom does sometimes prevail on him to change an old cut of clotnes for a

new one, but an idea he holds to and never relinquishes. Society, like everything else, partakes of this conservatism. The laws of the Medes and Persians were not more arbitrary.

Etiquette has for generations prescribed that a foreigner, to be admitted into a private house, must be vouched for and accompanied by some member of Cuban society known to the family. In this case the Cuban hospitality is overwhelming. The

best the house affords is spread before the



Courtyard in Senor Hernandez's House. sequaintance of mine, to whom nothing seemed impossible, I was invited to the magnificent residence of Senor Vincent Hernandez, one of Havana's best-known citizens. His house, or palace—to more properly designate it—stands in the heart of the city, directly opposite to that of the American Consul, and occupies one whole block. It is built of marble and is encircled by beleaules. As through a pender, circled by balconies. As through a ponder ous iron gateway I entered the square, stone-paved court yard of Senor Hernan-dex's home, a garden of palms and various other tropical plants spread before me. Here and there I caught sight of an orange tree. Looking up, I perceived that the building was erected after the style of a church, inasmuch as its roof consisted of a great dome, tinted in azure to represent the blue of the heavens. On this first floor I was shown the stables, the horses, carriages, bright metal harnesses, hung in closed glass cases, and the marble baths.

PASHIONS THAT ENDURE FOREVER. Ascending the wide staircase which led Ascending the wide staircase which led to the first story, paved also in marble, I found myself in a lofty circular hall, on which opened some 20 or more beautiful apartments, finished in the rare and costly wood for which the island is famous. Willow, rattan and ebony formed the furniture. The floors were of inlaid mosaic; the hangings, Japanese. The size and splendor of the rooms can searchly be conceived. of the rooms can scareely be conceived. One after another they extended the whole length of the house. Mademoiselle Hernandez, the daughter of the host, accompanied me through the sleeping apartments (in one of which was an iron safe in which were kept the family jewels) to a sewing room, where five black women were engaged working on her linen. Some were wording at her submidgating Each article mending, others embroidering. Each article when completed was consigned to a handwhen completed was consigned to a hand-somely carved case, where they were ar-ranged with prim regularity and order. About 30 or more servants are retained by this family. In a closet were hung the silk dreases left to mademoiselle by her deceased mother and grandmother. These gowns may be worn, but they must not be altered. Nothing must be altered in Cuba, not even mademoiselle's linen, which is made from a

eattern probably in vogue a hundred

A GIRL RECLUSE With charming grace, both host and hostess conducted me over the establishment, the former offering me his arm with old-fashioned gallantry, the latter following; speaking when spoken to, but vouchsafing no single observation of her own. Etiquette demands this of mademoiselle, and mademoiselle is a slave to etiquette. She was yery pretty, very petite, very timid, and she moiselle is a slave to etiquette. She was very pretty, very petite, very timid, and she blushed a little each time I spoke to her. She had never been to school, never played with other children, never walked through the streets, and yet she was 15 years old. There was ample space in her father's house for exercise, and there was no occasion for her to brave the peril of an out-door promenade. Sunday a priest said mass in the chapel which adjoined her boudoir, and she had not even an excuse to go to church. She drove away every day with her father in the family carriage, and sometimes sat in his box at the opera. She occasionally accompanied him to a dinner or reception, but

his box at the opera. She occasionally accompanied him to a dinner or reception, but this was all. No other amusements or pleasures had she ever known. Soon her father would provide her with a husband, and, as was her duty, she would cheerfully approve his choice. There was no trace of the monotony of her life in her sweet, girlish face. Its tranquillity shone with a strong, steady light from her soft, dark eyes.

Her father was a tall, stately man of 50 or thereabouts, who treated her with great Her father was a tall, stately man of 50 or thereabouts, who treated her with great deference and addressed her as mademoiselle. He had the manners of a Chesterfield and the bearing of a prince. On the occasion of my admiring a very handsome piece of bric-a-brac, he immediately said in French (we conversed in that language), "C'est a votre disposition," meaning that since I admired it I might consider it my own.

THE AMERICAN AN ENIGMA

I believe it is customary in Cuba to present a guest with anything he or she may honor with praise. Hence, "C'est a votre disposition" is a common expression, which I fancy has very little weight in the mouth of the average Cuban. My own idea is that an attempt to carry off any of the articles thus profered would be frustrated by the timely arrival of the police. Of course I may be mistaken, but experience has taught me that it does not do to take these people too literally. They talk too much to mean too literally. They talk too much to mean all they say, or so I am inclined to think. There is this, however, to be said: If the Cuban is a curious study for the American,

the American, on his part, is to the Cuban nothing less than a phenomenon.

A man who actually loves cold weather, who has an utter disregard for draughts—a Cuban avoids a breath of air as he does a pestilence—who smokes cigars in lieu of cigarettes, who has made all his money him-self, who never gesticulates or flies into a passion, who grumbles at his bill but pays it to a penny, and scatters all the loose coin in his pockets among the street Arabs, who hangs around the iron-barred windows; a man who takes in the whole city in single day, and knows all about it, too; who acquires a smattering of Spanish in a month that he never improves or forgets, who whistles as he walks through the streets, and who loves his wife and is true to her, on general prin-ciples, if nothing else, is a mystery to the Cuban gentleman. LILLIAN SPENCER.

THE MYSTERY OF DEATH. State of Catalepsy Sometimes Lasts for

Days or Weeks. Few events have given rise to so much general comment as the recent dissection of Mind-reader Bishop only a few hours after he was supposed to be dead. The pending case, there is no apparent excuse for the examination into his death has shown that hotel to continue in its primitive state of the medical experts, as usual, are much at discomfort and mismanagement. But it sea on the nature of death and the certain evidences of its actual occurrence as or-

dinary guessers. is entirely suspended is a matter of specula-tion, till the final evidence of decomposition is supplied. This has been practically admitted by the physicians called upon to testify in the Bishop case.

In the disease of catalepsy, or deep trance,

the action of the nerves of volition and sen-sation is suspended, while a weak action of the heart and lungs is continued for some-times many days. That this action may become entirely imperceptible and life yet remain seems to be proved in the case of Bishop. At any rate the doctors are not

able to agree to the contrary.

All the burrowing animals are in a state of catalepsy and live for months in a state of apparent death. Frogs have been taken from solid sandstone, after being imbedded for many years, and resuscitated. How many men are cataleptic in the last stages of life is a matter which the doctors know scarcely more about than other people.

Disappointed.

Chicago Tribune.1 "This isn't what I expected," said the new arrival in Guthrie. "I was told I would find riot and bloodsbed on every

corner. It seems quiet enough."
"Quiet?" howied the thirsty-looking Texan who had been in the place 24 hours. "When you can't even get water for less than 10 cents a drink, how in thunder can it be anything else? I'm going on to Wich-ita, b' gosh!"

An Infant Hercules.

Exchange. "Is the baby strong?" "Well, rather. You know what a trenendous voice he has?"

"Well, he lifts that five or six times an

The Cyclone Record. Detroit Free Press.1 Kansas has had 14 cyclones in 6 years,

and if any other State in the Union can show more wind than that let the record be SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

The Prosser locomotive, just invented at Chicago, is said to be noiseless, amokeless, and wonderfully economical of fuel and of power.

A botanical congress has been called by the Botanical Society of France, to be held in Paris in August, for the presentation and discussions of treatises on botanical subjects, pure or applied. Particular attention will be given to considering the usefulness of establishing joint action looking to the preparation of maps, showing the distribution of species and genera over the globe, and to the characters for classification furnished by anatomy.

Mount Vesuvius has been in a state of mild eruption for some time past, the most violent commotion being from about April 29 to May 2. The cone which has been forming for the last the cone which has been forming for the last ten months has fallen in, and a considerable outpour of lava took place from a flasure on the southeast side of the crater. The outpour forms a long tongue of lava reaching down the mountain; but it is not expected that it will reach cultivated ground. The eruption is in many respects similar to that of May 2, 1885, and, it is hoped, will prove as harmless.

and, it is hoped, will prove as harmless.

SINCE the beginning of February, the Babylonian expedition sent out by the University of Peunsylvania has been exploring the ruins of Niffer, whose site is marked by an immense mound, about 60 miles southwest of ancient Babylon, and bordering on the Afflosch swamps, so-called from the tribe of Affik Bedoulns that dwell near by. Niffer is identical with old Babylonian Nipoirn, founded about 3,000 years before the Christian era. In its ruins fle burledghe remains of the famous Bel temple, which will be systematically explored and doubtless yield splendid results. Jewish Messenger.

FEW educational enterprises have yielded Frw educational enterprises have yielded larger results for the amount invested than the Egypt Exploration Fund. Expending annually since 1885 between \$7,000 and \$8,000, it has discovered or disclosed the following interesting sites: Pittrom (the treasure city of Exodus 1, 11), Goshen Tahpanhas (the Daphus of the Greeks), the city of Onias, Zoan, Am. Nautratis, and, latest of all, Bubasts (the P. Besetti of the Scriptures). These discoveries have been conducted in a thoroughly scientific manner and have yielded rich results regarding the sciences, arts and industries of the early sources of Greek history ticalarity Biblical and secul-

THEIR NATIVE LAND.

When Hungarian Immigrants Have Saved a Small Sum of Money.

THEY RETURN TO THEIR HOMES,

Where They Live in Peace and Plenty the Rest of Their Lives.

SCENES IN THE COAL MINING REGIONS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE 1 NEW YORK, June 1 .- During one of his campaign speaches at Indianapolis last summer, Benjamin Harrison said: "The gates of Castle Garden swing inward; they never swing outward." That was practically true. Yet one of the odrious sights of to-day around this city is the crowd of Hungarians constantly embarking for their old home. The tide of immigration is ebbing and the tide of emigration is flooding with the Hungarians.

It was the observation of several hundreds of these foreigners huddled together at one

He is a middle-aged man who for six years had handled thousands of emigrants of all nationalities. He does this for one of the railroad companies that makes a point of shipping newly arrived foreigners to the West and South. His attention was called to the crowd above mentioned.

MADE THEIR PILE.

He said they were really going home, having got out of the United States all they wanted. They never expected to return. They had saved enough within a few years to enable them to purchase or lease a little property in their native land, on which they could live comfortably the remainder of their lives. Asked to go more into details,

Mr. Killgore said:
"This is the third batch of foreigners that I have shipped home this season. These people are Hungarians who came to this country two and three years ago, though a few may have been here about five years. The majority belong to batches that I steered from Castle Garden to different places in Pennsylvania within three years. Since Pennsylvania within three years. Since then they have been employed in the coal mines, and in some mysterious manner have been enabled to save enough money, not only to take them home, but also a little capital to work upon when they get there.

"During the coal mine strikes a few years ago agents of the coal companies visited Castle Garden and engaged hundreds upon hundreds of Hungarians to take the places of the English, Irish and Welsh miners who were on strike. The immigrants were paid one-third less wages than were paid the more intelligent miners. As far as I could learn the Hungarians averaged about \$30 a month in wages. Many of them got less than that, and a few who were luckier ress than that, and a rew who were luckier or more intelligent than their fellow countrymen got a little more. The point of the thing is that these people, most of whom had families, were able to save from \$200 to \$500. There is not a man in that crowd who has not at least \$200 over and above his

passage money to his native country.

PECULIAR WAYS. "How they managed to save that amount is a mystery to everybody except those who are familiar with the manner in which they lived. There are men in that crowd whose wages for the past two years has not been they are taking home with them \$500. The seems incredible, yet it is so. These peop! lived amid squalor and dirt, and subsisted on food stuff that would be rejected by any

American tramp.
"They lived in huts and hovels provided by the coal companies, for which they paid less than \$30 a year rent. A frame house such as would be used by an intelligent miner, whose rent would be \$8 or \$10 a month, would be occupied by two, three and oftentimes four Hungarian families,

who would divide up the rent among them. "The unmarried men and those without families were boarded for \$2 and \$3 a week. Many of them had bunks down in the mines, and did not come up to the surface excepting once a week, and then it was to lay in a stock of black and rye bread, on which they would subsist for days with no more nourishment other than water. This may sound like exaggeration, but anyone familiar with hife in the Hungarian colonies in the coal mines will tell you that it is but

THE SAME CLOTHES STILL Mr. Killgore called attention to the fact that while these Hungarians had been in this country for two years, and some of them longer, not one of them wore any clothing of American make. From their slender-heeled boots to the rough caps on their heads, their clothing was the same that they wore when they arrived in this country. In a few instances their boots had succumbed to the wear of time, but otherwise their clothing was old, dirty and greasy Hungarian material. None of them could speak English intelligently, beyond a few profane expressions. Many of the men could understand English amazingly well, yet they could not reply in that language.

Mr. Killgore is very emphatic in his be-lief that such people ought to be prohibited from coming to this country. He said they never assimilated with other foreigners and did not appreciate the advantages of a free country. They could not be Americanized and were a greater drawback to intelligent workingmen than even the Chinese, because they were very powerful and muscular and could do any of the manual labor that the Americans, Germans or Arise to latter na-on so little that workmen of the latter na-tionalities could not successfully compete L. S. M.

The Wrong House, Harpers' Magazine. "You all remember the words of Web ster," shouted the orator. "No, we don't," so many words I can't remember more than half of 'em." interrupted a man in the gallery. "He has

Parental Advice.

Nebraska State Journal. "My son, the only advice I can give you is to start at the bottom and work up, no matter what may be your calling."
"But, father, I intend to be a well dig-



Jack-Heavens! What's the matter with